

'Can't You Save Me?' The Four Biggest Fools in Town

By Dr. Robert G. Lee

Some years ago, near Camden, South Carolina, my native state, there was a fire that burned joy out of homes and sorrows into hearts, that burned flowers of heart's-ease out of love gardens and thorns of suffering into loving souls. What a fire it was! A fire that scorched and seared human hearts with sorrow, a fire that blasted parental hopes, a fire that left a community of homes and a multitude of lives in the black shadows of bleak bereavement and desolating death!

This terrible fire burned up a schoolhouse in which many young people, in the midst of a season of happy pleasure, were meeting. Over seventy of these young people, strong and lovely, in an inferno of ghastly horrors that came about when fire, man's good servant, became man's terrible master, were burned to death — while all attempts by frantic parents and horror-stricken citizens to rescue them from the death-trap were in vain.

During the heroic attempts at rescue, made by strong and frantic men, on the outside, one little lad in the burning furnace saw his father, in a delirium of mind-shattering helplessness on the outside. Stretching forth his youthful hands it a piteous plea, the boy called: "Daddy, can't you save me?" Above the roar of that schoolhouse furnace, above the crackle of the demon-like flames, above the shriek of those twisting in the death-trap of flames, above cries of those who called in tortuous agonies for release from the prison-house of flame, the boy's voice reached his father's ears, "Daddy, can't you save me?" But the father, suffering an eternity of torture in a single minute, knowing that no mortal arm could reach his boy,

Revival Incidents

By the Editor

This is written Monday morning. Yesterday, Sunday, there were happy conversions in each of four services. I spoke to the Sunday School where a fine group of Intermediates and some Juniors claimed the Lord after the message on "A Cure for Snake Bite." Then in the morning worship service I preached on Second Chronicles 7: 14:

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

I intended to give only two verses of invitation song. Two sinners came to confess Christ in that time, but as the second verse closed, a young man and woman came weeping to the front; he to confess Christ as Saviour, I believe, and she to confess her backslidings and worldly life. I think they were husband and wife. Another young woman came with a storm of weeping to say, "I thought I was all right, but now I know I am saved." A good many adults were present in the Sunday morning service who had not attended during the week, and God seemed to bless many hearts. I think there were eight who claimed the Saviour, including one or two backsliders in the morning service.

In the afternoon we went to Plattsville, Wisconsin, some twenty-two miles away where a fine

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could do nothing else but stand dazedly by and see his boy die in the flames — withering quickly like a flower held in the blast of an acetylene torch. And that father, in the days that followed, hearing that voice night and day, in his waking hours and in his sleeping hours, did not live long — only about two years. His boy's face in the fire was ever before him. His boy's voice was ever in his ears.

Today, this poor old lust-burning, war-scarred, head-dizzy, body-weary, soul-sick, sin-damned, devil-prodded, iniquity-smitten, liquor-loving, hell-bound world cries out to science, saying, "Can't you save me?" And science, telling us how far the earth is from the sun, but not able to tell us anything about how far God removes a sinner's sins from him, shakes her head and says, "No, I cannot save you." And this world, storm-tossed and driven, stretches out piteous hands of appeal, and cries mournfully to education, "Can't you save me?" But Education, shaking a truthful head, says, "It is not in me to save you!" And to Philosophy, tossing its taffy and messing around in its mud, the world, bowed down and broken, cries, "Can't you save me?" But Philosophy, its lance broken on hard problems, says, "It is not in me to save you!" And to Sociology the world, bound and blind and grinding at the mills of materialism, turns, crying out as one who calls in a wilderness for a lost son, "Can't you save me?" But Sociology, knowing that you cannot cure a smallpox patient by putting the patient in an art gallery, gives a sad, "No." And the world, sad and bad, diseased and disgraced, turns to Medicine, crying in frantic despair, "Can't you save me?" But Medicine says, "I have nothing to cure the diseases of the soul." And the world, on the down-grade and despondent, turns to Culture, asking, "Can't you save me, Culture?"

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BY EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE

(Preached April 19, 1940, in Dubuque, Iowa. Stenographically reported.)

What a joy it is to be here with our friends from Waterloo. I am glad to see them every one and to hear them, too. You are a sight for sore eyes, and I might say, a balm for sore ears, too. It is great to have fellowship with you. At Waterloo we had a blessed time two years ago this summer in a tent revival, and then again the following spring. I am glad to see these friends.

Tonight I speak on "The Four Biggest Fools in Dubuque." I use that term as God did, and when the Bible speaks of a person as a fool, I feel perfectly free so to speak, and I will use Bible language and I have a right to. "I am afraid you will hurt somebody's feelings," somebody says. I am afraid I won't. Sometimes you are so anxious not to hurt anybody's feelings that you let the whole town go to Hell. I am going to say some very plain things from the Word of God. The Bible talks about fools, and I am going to talk about four of them tonight.

I. The Atheist Fool

The first is the atheist fool. Back in Psalm 53 these few verses will help you see what God says about that kind of a fool.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity; there is none that doeth good.

"God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.

"Every one of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Psa. 53:1-3).

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Now a man who says there is no God is a fool. I don't care how wise he thinks he is, he is a crack-pot, there is nobody home upstairs. He has rooms to let, unfurnished, in the upper story. He has bats in the belfry. God says he is a fool. A man who is an atheist and says there is no

God is a fool, because, as of all Bible fools, of two outstanding things. First, he doesn't face the facts. He is not willing to take the evidence. And second, he has an animosity in his heart against the truth. His heart is set against the truth because he doesn't want to believe. He doesn't want to look at the evidence, and he won't investigate the facts. It is evident that any man with half sense knows there is a God and only a fool would say there is no God. For instance, you may look at me — I am not much to look at, but I prove there is a God. The fact that I am here proves there is a God. David said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

A few years ago a man got real bright and made a camera. He thought he was sure smart. But God made a camera in every human eye. There is the lens, back of that the dark box, then the super-sensitive film or plate. But God's camera is automatic, self-developing, instantaneous, self-repairing, all-color film, infinitely beyond any camera built by science. Yet fools think nobody made man! A few years ago man got smart and made the telegraph system, but before any man made a telegraph system, God had a whole telegraph system of little nerves in the whole body, properly insulated, that carry messages to the spinal cord and to the brain. There is a marvel of scientific accuracy in this body of mine. For instance, I touch something hot, and the nerve in the end of my finger says: "Hey, up there. This is hot down here!"

And the brain says, "You nut, get away then."

Somebody says, "I am perfectly accidental. No God planned me." He hasn't got any sense, that is all. You are a fool. God says you

are a fool, and I say Amen to it. A man is a fool who says there isn't any God. Look at any human begin and know there is bound to be a God to make man.

There was a time when man made the radio. One of the most wonderful things about the radio is the microphone. When man got smart enough to make the microphone, he was sure smart. The germ of it is in the phonograph. But long before any man made it, God made it in the human ear. We think that proves Edison was smart, but some fools say there isn't any God.

Can you make an automobile so it will always repair itself? That is what the body does. Here I cut my right wrist when I was five years old, and it grew back together and the doctor never saw that until it was well. When I cut that to the bone with an ax, my uncle grabbed me up and took me to the house. My aunt put some home-made salve on it and wrapped it up. Is there any kind of an automobile that will grow new rings when the old ones wear out? Or grow a fender back together when it breaks? Look at me. Somebody made me. Somebody planned me. Somebody is wiser, stronger than any man. If you say there is no God, you haven't got any sense.

Suppose I see a Ford car and say, "I don't believe there is any such thing as a Ford factory?" You ask, "Where did this car come from then?" "Oh, there was some scrap iron jumbled up here, and there was an explosion and it just happened like this." Isn't that funny? Isn't it strange that the steering wheel was on top? Isn't it strange that it was at the front seat instead of the back seat? Isn't it strange that the seats are facing the same way? Isn't it strange?

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What One Family Can Do

By John R. Rice

After all, it is never impossible to have a revival if a few people mean business for God and are willing to pay the price. God still loves sinners. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes. The Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword. There are still many people who are hungry-hearted, sinners who find that the world does not satisfy the longing in their souls, sinners who want peace and forgiveness and daily help, want to be sure of Heaven. And God still loves sinners, loves them with the compassionate, brooding, seeking love that sent Christ to Calvary. All Heaven is in favor of great revivals and the salvation of multitudes. But God only waits on some Christians he can use.

I came to Dubuque for a revival, despite the most unpromising conditions. The city is largely Catholic. With about 40,000 population, there are 8 or 10 large and strong Catholic congregations. The other churches are principally modernistic. There is not a single evangelistic church in the city, I was told. The First Presbyterian Church, a rather old church, has a good sound pastor in dear Dr. A. C. Buol, a graduate of the Dallas Theological Seminary. But the church is formal and cold. They have no Sunday night services and the formal Sunday morning services were attended by only a few

dozen people, ordinarily, I am told. When the pastor invited me to come for the revival services he considered employing some personal workers from outside, saying that if we tried to teach the people here to win souls we would have to begin at the very bottom. The impression I got was that probably many church members were unconverted, that church members generally cared nothing about a revival, and that some would probably criticize and oppose.

Yet one good factor outweighed all these distressing factors in my mind. One factor made me feel that we could have a blessed revival in Dubuque. That factor was the Neuendorf family.

I felt assured that since God loved sinners, and longed to save them, and since he loves his children and delights to hear their prayers, and bless their labors, he was bound to send a revival in answer to the burdened, long-continued prayers of this family and partly through their labors.

Hermann Neuendorf was converted three years ago, and his wife was saved two weeks later. Of Lutheran background and teaching, it was difficult for them to see that they needed to be born again, but when they were saved a wonderful transformation took place in their lives. They began to seek gospel services. With hungry hearts they went to church after church trying to find some church where sinners were saved, where

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You Cannot Hide from God

BY ALFRED H. ACKLEY

You cannot hide from God,
Though mountains cover you;
His eye our secret thoughts behold,
His presence all our lives enfold,
He knows our purposes untold:
You cannot hide from God.

You cannot hide from God;
No matter what you do
He meets you at life's every turn,
He knows your thoughts that blight and burn,
He weeps when His own Son you spurn:
You cannot hide from God.

You cannot hide from God
Though quietly you go.
He notes your footsteps ere they fall,
He hears your silent heartfelt call,
His knowledge rules high over all:
You cannot hide from God.

You cannot hide from God —
This one thing you can do
If you would save your sinful soul,
If you would be made pure and whole,
If you would reach the higher goal —
Your soul must hide in God.

Revival Incidents

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crowd assembled in the Gospel Tabernacle. The message was on *Hindered Prayer*. One man was happily saved, his wife seemed to have her doubts and fears removed and another mother came weeping to confess her backslidings.

Last night the auditorium was packed and the Lord was present in convicting and saving power. There were six or seven professions of faith, I believe, and I suppose counting those saved in the Sunday School there were twenty-five professions of faith during the day.

Among those saved last night was a mature man whose decision was so forthright that all of us rejoiced, and I learned later that he was a Christian Scientist. How wonderful that God can save one who has been so deluded by the sinless, bloodless, new-birthless doctrine of this false cult!

A Catholic man came last night, frank and open hearted, to say that since he had married a Protestant wife, he had given up Catholicism but wanted to definitely commit himself to Christ and trust Him. The pastor had talked to him before and will instruct the man further.

Yesterday morning the young man who came forward weeping, after he had made his open profession of faith, plucked my sleeve as I turned away. He took from his pocket a package of Camel cigarettes, saying, "Here, take these — I don't want them any more." Last night two young men, saved early in the last week, brought me a pipe, a sack of Bull Durham tobacco and some matches and said they felt they must quit the habit. We had a prayer asking God to give them grace, and the pipe and tobacco went on the pulpit beside the package of Camel cigarettes.

Friday night one of the happiest conversions was that of a young woman who settled the matter of her soul's salvation by trusting Christ early in the sermon. At the invitation time, I turned toward her as to others and noticed that her hand was held high as a Christian and that her face was shining, but I didn't know what had happened until later. She came and told me that she had definitely trusted Christ before the invitation time and didn't know whether she should come forward or not. She did come to the front last night to make her confession public and seemed very happy.

It is impressive how hungry people in this wide area are for the gospel. Last Friday night twenty-five or thirty people in six cars came from Waterloo, Iowa, seventy-five miles away, to attend the services. Another smaller group came from Waterloo last night for services. People are frequently present from the three states, Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin, since Dubuque is near the corner of the three. At Plattsville for the afternoon service some came as far as forty miles and I was invited back to the city auditorium next Sunday afternoon if I could come. People are hungry for revival preaching and to see sinners saved. A whole lot of talk about sinners being harder than ever because it is the last days is just an alibi for the indifference and powerlessness of we preachers and our churches. The gospel has not lost any of its power, the human heart needs God as much as ever. Where sin abounds, grace still abounds much more, and revivals can be had just the same as ever they could where people are willing to pay the price.

I thank God for the fellowship with Dr. Arnold C. Buol, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Dubuque where the revival services are being held and for the fellowship with many of his good members who are helping and enjoying the revival.

This morning I preached on the

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What One Family Can Do

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the Word of God was preached in power, and most of the time they sought in vain. They began to pray unceasingly for sinners to be converted; yet the churches which they attended never even gave an invitation for sinners. This week, Mr. Neuendorf told me he saw his first public acceptance of Christ in Dubuque in ten years! No doubt some have been saved, but it is manifestly rare to have an invitation to accept Christ made in Dubuque churches and most churches never do.

But if these hungry-hearted new converts could not find the gospel close at hand, they went afar. They listened to radio broadcasts of the Family Altar Broadcast, conducted by Rev. Hillmore Cedarholm at Waterloo, Iowa, and other radio preachers who preached the gospel. One daughter married a Catholic and became a Catholic. The next two daughters were saved. In the summer of 1938 they heard me from Waterloo, Iowa, and drove 75 miles to be in the tent services there. They brought their younger daughter who was saved there. They brought a neighbor boy who was also converted. They grew in grace. They studied their Bibles, read of my paper and booklets and began to pray unceasingly for a revival in Dubuque.

When I preached on the Christian Business Men's broadcast from the Grand Opera House in Chicago in February last year for three weeks, they heard me and drove all the way to Chicago, 180 miles, to be in the services. Their hearts were blessed in seeing people saved and they prayed more for such a revival in Dubuque.

When I was in revival services at Petersburg, Illinois, 250 miles from Dubuque, they saw accounts of the revival in this paper and wired asking me if I would be there over the week-end. Learning that I would, they drove the 250 miles, bringing a young man with them, earnestly praying that he would be saved. He trusted the Lord a few minutes after they arrived in Petersburg at the home where I was staying and later he publicly claimed Christ in the services. (He attends services every night here in Dubuque.) This fine family had left their work Friday afternoon at 5:00 with two friends, including the unsaved boy, and after spending the night in tourist cabins on the road, arrived in Petersburg Saturday morning. They spent Saturday and Sunday morning attending the services and then Sunday afternoon drove back the 250 miles to Dubuque.

They subscribed for *The Sword of the Lord* for ten Catholic homes. Some of them read it, but eventually all asked that the paper be discontinued. They gave copies of *The Sword of the Lord* to Dubuque preachers, earnestly hoping that some would invite me to come to Dubuque for a revival. They laid the matter on my heart when they saw me last summer, and I began to pray that God would send a revival here, some way and through the preaching of somebody.

A few months ago some members of a Bible class here in Dubuque became interested in a revival. The group was taught by Dr. Arnold C. Buol, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, a Godly fundamental man. It was decided that the Bible class should sponsor a revival if I could come. Thus plans were made for a revival, to be held in the First Presbyterian Church.

Personal workers were wanted. I offered to bring Mrs. Rice, very

local radio station and will preach again Wednesday morning, as the guest of Rev. Masters, a good Baptist man at the head of the City Mission.

God willing, we will continue these revival services through next Sunday, April 28th, and then go April 29th to May 5th for the week of the Annual Missionary Conference at Cicero Bible Church where Brother William McCarrell is pastor. We thank God for his blessing and are grateful beyond measure for the prayers of friends who are interested in revivals and who intercede for us at the throne of grace that we may be anointed from on high with the power of the Holy Spirit.

useful help in a revival. Immediately Mrs. Neuendorf wrote that their home would be turned over to us. The whole family would stay at the home of a married daughter, which would leave their home for us. They insisted, and we came.

Then this blessed family began a systematic campaign of visitation with all their friends and neighbors. The other afternoon I found that three of them, I believe, had worked from 2:30 p.m. until night going from house to house. They took copies of the revival circulars announcing sermon subjects. Brother Neuendorf would point to my picture and say, "I have driven as far as 300 miles to hear this man preach. I drove to Waterloo, to Petersburg, Illinois, to Chicago. Now we have him here and you can go just a few blocks and hear him."

Tuesday night Brother Neuendorf said to me, "Ah, my prayers are being answered! I had feared I would never see this in Dubuque. I have been in many churches in Dubuque in ten years, and never saw a public profession of faith until this revival." He referred to the seven young people who came openly to claim Christ as Saviour Tuesday night.

Wednesday night a heavy, wet snow fell in the afternoon and during the service, but out of 84 people who were present, 11 came to claim Christ as Saviour. Mr. Neuendorf, in his quiet way, said, "I couldn't be any happier! It gets better all the time."

I say God is in the revival business and I have found that anywhere a little group of people gets burdened, broken-hearted and willing to spend time, lots of time! spend prayer, heart-breaking, tearful, beseeching prayer, that wets the pillow with tears, and makes food tasteless; willing to spend money if need be, and hard labor—such a group of people can have a revival anywhere on God's earth that there are sinners to be saved!

Concerning revivals, we "have not because we ask not." We do not seek and so we do not find. We do not knock, and so the door of blessing is not opened. We do not have revivals because we do not have broken hearts and do not go after revivals and the power of God with our whole soul.

Someone will read this in an isolated community where it seems the blessings of God have passed you by. To all such I give the promise of God: "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. 6:9). I urge you that with all the earnestness of your souls you be "always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord" (I Cor. 15:58).

Heed the blessed promise of Psalms 126:5, 6: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." If you are willing to sow in tears you certainly will reap in joy, as certain as the Bible is true, as certain as God keeps his promises! If you are willing to go forth and weep, bearing precious seed, you shall, without any doubt in the world, come back rejoicing with sheaves, with precious, precious souls saved from Hell for time and eternity!

God is not bound by circumstances, by modern times, nor even by dead churches and back-slidden pastors. If somebody loves God, weeps over sinners, and seeks a revival with a holy abandon, without counting any cost too great, God will give a revival. He has plenty of preachers he can use. "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham" (Matt. 3:9). If you have loved ones unsaved, then get about the business of winning them now. God hears the cry of broken hearts, and God uses the labor of willing hands and feet and voices when they are accompanied with the compassionate invitation of believing hearts!

You can have a revival in your community. Will you set yourself today to seek it and blaze the way? It may not be easy. It may not come at once. But come it will, as certainly as harvest follows sowing, as summer follows winter, as dawn follows night, if a few of God's people pay the price in burden and prayer and labor with tears!

THE FOUR BIGGEST FOOLS IN TOWN

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that it has four wheels, two of them to steer and the others fastened to run in the same plane? That is because somebody planned it. Isn't it strange that certain parts are made out of rubber, some parts steel, and then there is a certain kind of paint? Isn't it strange that the shiny paint was put on the outside and the upholstery is on the inside instead of the outside? That is not strange. Why? Because somebody planned it. And yet you look at a man and say there is not any God. You are a fool. You couldn't put two and two together and make it come out four. A man is a fool that says there isn't any God.

A Watch Proves There Is a Watchmaker

Look at this watch. Suppose you ask me, "Where did you get it?" And suppose I answer, like the atheist, "Oh, it just happened. I don't believe in watchmakers. I never saw a watch factory, so I don't believe there is any such thing as a watch factory. It just happened. Nobody planned it. Nobody made it!"

It is a funny accident that on the face here is "1" and then there is "2." Isn't it strange the "9" didn't come here instead of the "2"? And then there is "3." Isn't it strange it doesn't have a "7" next instead of "4"? And the next is "5." Isn't it a queer accident that it so happened that here are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. It is a strange thing that it would have to be twelve and that it would run just once around for the twelve hours a day and once for the twelve hours at night. It is a strange accident that it just happened to have the "12" following the "11" and the "1" following the "12" and the "2" following the "1" and the "3" following the "2." Isn't that a queer accident? But not nearly so queer as if there were a world and no God to make it, a man, and no creator.

And here between the "12" and the "1" are five little points. Suppose I say, again, "Nobody planned it. It just happened!"

Is yours that way, too? Isn't that a funny accident that yours and mine are both that way? And it is that way all the way around? Isn't that a strange thing? It just happened so, nobody planned it. And it is that way all the way around so that there are just sixty of those points and this hand goes around those sixty points in just sixty minutes, and comes out exactly on the hour. And then this little hand—this hand goes around sixty seconds in exactly sixty seconds. Isn't that a funny accident?

But suppose I say, "I don't believe in watchmakers. This just happened by evolution. It probably got started from a button or a checker. (That is the argument from likeness.) Spread a bird's bones out, and see "a dog and a man and an elephant and a bird and a lizard, are all very much alike," says the evolutionist, "so

they just come from each other without any God."

Suppose I say, "All right, this watch probably evolved from a button or a checker through a compass, a steam gauge, a speedometer and a gas meter till it got to be a watch, with nobody to plan it! It just happened!"

You would say, "You are the greatest nut I ever saw." And if a man says there is no God, he is an outright fool. He hasn't got any sense, nobody home upstairs. He has bats in the belfry. God says he is a fool and I say Amen.

Here is a world, this planet, and there is the sun. And this planet goes around the sun every year and comes back exactly on the dot again next year and it doesn't get out of line. And the earth turns around and around while it is going around the sun, it revolves on its axis so that there is day and night, day and night, day and night. And then it varies from the plane of rotation around the sun that we have winter and spring, summer and fall; winter, spring, summer, and fall; winter, spring, summer, and fall. It goes right along, so we have seed time and harvest. Isn't that a queer accident? No, you haven't got any sense if you say it is an accident. The man who says there is no God, that man is a fool.

The Bible says so truly that:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard" (Psa. 19: 1-3).

The man that says there is not any God is a man who won't look the facts in the face. He hasn't any sense. He is perverted in his mind and character and his poor, wicked heart is set against the truth and he won't investigate the facts. Anybody who says there isn't any God has gone away from God. Then he got to where he didn't want any God, and denied God.

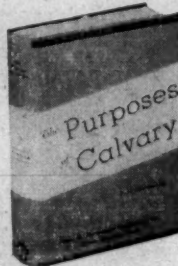
But the verse says the fool said in his heart, "There is no God." What is wrong is not with his brain. It may be perverted, but the trouble is with the diseased and decaying heart, full of wickedness. All fools in the Bible are fools in the heart.

The man that is an atheist fool wasn't born that way, nor did scientific evidence convince him there was no God. When he was a little bit of a child he believed in God. You know little children do believe in God. Here is a watch — somebody made it. Here is an automobile — somebody made it. Here am I, who made me? All the heathen races in the world know there is a God. The only man who doesn't believe is the man who has a proud and haughty heart and doesn't want God. His heart says no God. When his heart rebels and he goes on in sin, then he gets where he says, "I don't want any God." What's the matter with the in-

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THE PURPOSES OF CALVARY

BY HARRY RIMMER, D.D., Sc.D.



In this new book by Dr. Rimmer, he has gathered together from the Bible various statements of what God planned to accomplish through Calvary—

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THE FOUR BIGGEST FOOLS IN TOWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

fidel is that his poor, rotten, rebellious heart doesn't want God because his sin: crime, lewdness, whoremongering, drinking, pride, and then he doesn't want any God, so he says, "No God for me." The wish is father to the thought. The fool said it in his heart. If you get a fool's heart fixed right, he won't be an atheist any more. It is not his head, it is his heart.

There were two lawyers. One was a Christian and the other an infidel. The Christian lawyer said to his friend, "If I made up a brief just like I would present it to the Supreme Court of the United States, I can show you there is a God and Christ is the Son of God, and I can show you that the Bible is the Word of God. I have the evidence and any court would accept it. Will you read it if I will prove it to you? I will put it in legal form, such evidence as would be accepted in any court in the world. Will you read it?"

He agreed to read it, and the Christian lawyer got the evidence ready and the infidel lawyer read it and came back later and said, "You have convinced me. There is a God and Christ is His Son, and the Bible is God's Word. I believe it!"

The other man said, "Praise the Lord."

"Wait a minute," the infidel said. "You misunderstand me. I didn't say I love Him. I am not saved. My mind is convinced, but I still don't want Him, and I will not have Him."

The trouble with the infidel was in his heart and not his head. There was a time I thought when an infidel said, "I want to ask you some questions about the Bible," that the real trouble was with his head. But I have found that it was his dirty, rotten heart, and I have the medicine for his heart. Point me out the man who doesn't believe in God and if this medicine doesn't fix his heart, you can guarantee to shut his trap.

If you spell infidel right you will know what is wrong with him. I-N-F-O-R-H-E-L-L — Infidel. That is the only thing that is wrong with every atheist in the world. The only people who are atheists are those who have hearts that don't want God and they are trying to get some alibi for their sin.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." And if you will read that again, you will see there are two words in Psalm 53:1 that are not in the original Hebrew at all. You will see them in your Bible because they are put in italics. What are they? "There is." The fool hath said in his heart, "No God." It doesn't mean so much there is no God, but, "I don't want any God. I won't have any God. No God for me," says the fool. There is plenty of evidence that there is a God, but the fool wants nothing to do with Him. The point is, he says, "I don't want any God." "No God for me," says the fool.

If there is anybody here tonight and you are not a Christian and you say you don't believe there is any God at all, no, no, brother. What is wrong with you is that you have some dirty, low-down sin in your heart and if you would confess and forsake that sin God would fix your poor wicked heart mighty well.

I have found the remedy for the atheist.

I remember at Decatur, Texas, a young man said, "I can't believe that stuff."

"Would you like to know?" I asked.

"I don't think I can know," he said.

"I know you can."

He had been reading some of those five cent books on infidelity and some of that *Age of Reason* by Paine.

"Well, I know what to do. Would you like to know?" I said.

"I don't think I can," he said.

"I know you can. I know, but you are guessing. I know! I know how you can find out," I said.

"How?"

"Get down on your knees — I could take the Bible if I wanted to and show you plenty of reason the Bible is true and Christ is His Son and our Saviour, but what is wrong with you is your heart. Ask God to open your heart —"

"But I don't know there is any God."

"You don't know, but I know there is, and your mother knows and millions of others know there is. Get down on your knees and say, 'All right, Lord, if there is a God and You are the God that made me, then I ought to love You. If You will show me Yourself, I will. And if You will show me the Bible is Your Word, I will follow it. If You will show me in my heart that Christ is the Son of God, I will trust Him.' Come on, get on your knees and find out."

"But I don't believe you can."

"I don't care whether you believe you can or not. I tell you, you can find out, and you will either get down on your knees and confess to God, 'Lord, if You are God and I am a sinner and I need forgiveness, and if You will show me Yourself so I can know that You are the God that made me and know the Bible is true and know that Christ is the Son of God, then I will love You and trust You and give You my heart tonight' — you will either do that or I will brand you for the dirty hypocrite you are and shut your trap."

He said to his brother that was standing there, "That looks like it is fair to me. If a man wants to know he had better find out."

His brother didn't want to get on his knees, but this fellow said, "Yes, you will, too, or you will have to shut your mouth. We will have to put it to a test or say we wouldn't take a fair chance to find out."

We got down on our knees, and this young man began to pray, "O God, if there be a God, show Yourself to me," and it wasn't long until he was weeping. Soon he said, "I know there is a God! He has spoken to my heart. I just got in sin and was led away into this wickedness. I know He is the Saviour and I will give Him my heart and serve Him!" That was at Decatur, Texas, in 1930.

What is wrong is in the heart of any wicked man who says there is no God. "The fool hath said in his heart, no God."

II. The Modernist Fool

There is another kind of a fool. I turn to Luke, chapter 24 in the New Testament. Jesus said to two doubters, after His resurrection:

"O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke 24:25-27).

Now Jesus said to these that didn't believe in the resurrection, "O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." Is there anybody here tonight who is a modernist? A modernist is one who says, "I believe there is a God, but I cannot believe the Bible. The man who says, 'I can't believe the story of the Genesis account of creation, I believe in evolution instead of direct creation,' or he says, for instance, 'I can't believe the story of Jonah and the whale,' or 'I can't believe in the bodily resurrection of Christ and the virgin birth and the verbal inspiration of the Bible.' Such a man is what we call a modernist. He doesn't believe the Bible. Jesus said, 'O fools and slow of heart to believe the Bible.' God says what is wrong with that man is that he is a fool.

First, let me tell you what kind of a fool he is. He is a low-down, dirty, insincere hypocrite. Any man who stands behind a pulpit in a church built by money of people who believe the Bible, and receives a salary from people who believe that Christ is the Son of God and that He died for sinners, believe in the blood atonement; any man that takes a salary from that kind of people and takes his training from a school supported by that kind of people, and then stands in his pulpit and calls himself a Christian, and calls himself a preacher of the gospel but denies the Bible, he is a conscienceless, covetous hypocrite, and he is going to the bottomless pit of Hell, and he ought to, and you ought never to give a dime to that kind of a hypocrite. He ought to be dragged from the pulpit. He can't be respected and

he is not honest. He is crooked, as crooked as any man behind the bars. He is a deceiver and a liar and takes his money under false pretenses and is not worthy of respect. He says, "I am a Christian but I don't believe in Christ. I preach the Bible but think it is a pack of lies. He is a deceiver and is after the money and isn't worthy of the respect of decent people. I say in plain words, I have no respect in the world for a man who will take money of innocent people who believe the Bible and then little by little tear down their faith in the Bible.

If a modernist preacher were honest he would simply say, "I am not a Christian. I do not believe the Bible. I do not trust Christ as my Saviour, so I cannot take money as a preacher. I am with Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire and all enemies of the Bible.

A modernist in the church isn't worthy of the respect of anybody here. If you attend a church and your preacher doesn't believe all the Bible, you have blood on your hands and you are a partaker of his evil deeds if you give him a dime (II Jno. 8:9). You are not even to have such a man in your house. You are not even to say, "God speed you." Don't give a penny to that kind of a preacher. It is a sin against God if you do.

There is only one place for honest modernists and that is outside the church, not in it. Every modernist claiming to be a Christian is a lying hypocrite, sailing under false colors.

It is high time more churches turned out unbelievers in the pulpit. And every honest, Bible believing preacher should say so. There are too many sissies in the pulpit. Preachers should have the manhood and character to stand up for Christ and the Bible or get out of the sacred pulpit.

If that hurts anybody's feelings, I am going to preach about it again. I have no respect for any dirty lying hypocrite that pretends to be a Christian and does not believe the Bible, that pretends to believe in Jesus Christ but snatches the crown of deity off His head, denies the atoning blood and insults the Holy Spirit. He is not worthy of the respect of any and should not have the support of Christian people. What is wrong with the modernist is, the Bible says, he is a fool. Why is he a fool? Because he will not face the facts. Now, my friends, I don't have to apologize when I say this Bible is the Word of God. There was a time when I didn't know. I got my education in a modern university, went to Baptist schools, but some teachers believed in evolution. They said the Bible is fine, but man came by evolution. I hadn't tried to reconcile the two, so on one side of my head was the theory of evolution, and on the other was my belief in the Bible as the Word of God. But one day the two ideas got together, and what a stir-up there was! They can't both be so. If the Bible is so, evolution can't be so, and if

'Can't You Save Me?'

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

But Culture, putting bejeweled fingers on the world's cancerous ulcers, says, "I cannot save you." And the world, with its hoodlums and whores, turns to all its man-made schemes — schemes that are all the time administering laughing gas for the painless extraction of sin — and asks of these schemes, "Can't you save me?" But all these man-made schemes, with a woeful sense of inadequacy pressing heavily upon them, say, "We cannot save you." And still, even now, the world, the speed-crazy and demon-driven world, with its collapse in the home and corruption in the state, bruised and battered by the boomerang it has thrown, cries to Legislation, "Can't you save me?" And Legislation, oft uttering inarticulate laughter that holds God's authority in contempt, oft "loosing wild tongues that hold not God in awe," forgetting that "the wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God," says, "It is not in me to save you."

But there is one who can save — JESUS, "able and willing, mighty to save," the Christ who "receiveth sinful men," the Christ who casteth out none who come unto Him, the Christ who died the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God, the "greater-than-Solomon" Christ, whom God "hath appointed heir of all things."

"Sing above the battle strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!"

Yes, Jesus saves!

Yes, Jesus saves!

"Behold, a greater than Solomon is here."

(From the book of sermons, *A Greater Than Solomon*, Broadman Press, 160 pages, \$1.00. May be had from Sword Book Room, 512 W. Franklin Street, Wheaton, Ill.)

evolution is true, then the Bible can't be true. And I said, "I am going to find out," and I did. And now I know, and I can prove to you that the Bible is the Word of God.

Somebody says the Bible is not scientifically accurate. I will meet any university professor — any reputable head of a department of a university in a public auditorium or on the radio night after night and defend the fact if he will say the Bible is not scientifically accurate. I know it is. I challenge anyone to show in one detail that the Bible in the original manuscript is not infallibly correct, the Word of God. This Bible is the Word of God, and you can find out. The man who says it isn't doesn't know and he hasn't investigated and he has no right to say. The man who knows what the Bible says is bound to bow to it.

I will tell you the best evidence (CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

Question About Divine Healing Answered

Dear Mrs. G—:

Your letter recently asked me if a person can be healed by divine healing without the aid of material medicine.

Yes, I believe God *can* heal the sick, and He *can* heal without medicine if it pleases Him. Take the blessed promise in Mark 11:24, which says, "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." That verse plainly says that if you have faith you can have whatsoever you will. Man's faith comes from God. If He helps you to believe in your heart that He will heal you and trust Him fully about it, then He will do the healing. If God does not give faith then, perhaps it is not His will to heal. Many are sick who doubtless ought to be healed, and would if they waited on God and trusted Him.

I believe in and have sometimes practiced the instructions in James 5:13 to 16. Notice again that God says "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." If God gives the faith, then He will give the healing. If God does not give the faith to trust Him, He may not give the healing. But I have known some remarkable healings in answer to prayer.

Sometimes it is God's will for a Christian to be sick. He did not take away Paul's thorn in the flesh (II Cor. 12:7-10). He did not cure Timothy's weak stomach and his often infirmities (II Tim. 5:23). God sometimes wants his dear saints to come on to Heaven with Him and that is far better than to live. There is one thing that is sometimes better than being well, and that is being sick in the will of God.

Again, God sometimes wants to use medicine and doctors to heal. It is no sin to use medicine, no lack of faith. God uses men to do other things, so why should he not use doctors and medicine to heal the sick when it pleases him? He used grape juice for Timothy's weak stomach (I Tim. 5:23). He used a plaster of figs for Hezekiah's boil. When God uses a preacher to win souls it is still God who saves the soul and when God uses a doctor to help heal a person's body it is still God who does the healing. Let us trust Him and do what He says about it.

Your brother in Christ,
John R. Rice.

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THE FOUR BIGGEST FOOLS IN TOWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

I ever heard for evolution. A man went hunting out in the mountains of New Mexico and he came up on a panther or a mountain lion. This lady was on the war-path and came after him, and he took up his gun to shoot, but the gun jammed, so he turned and ran for his life, the mountain lion after him. Down the mountain he went to an old vinegar factory down in the valley. Here he went, but what to do? The mountain lion was right behind him. There was a big hoghead there and he jumped in that and turned it up over him. The mountain lion got on top of it, snarling and clawing. He looked out of the bung hole and saw the lioness swishing her tail back and forth across that hole. He pulled her tail in through the bung hole and tied a knot in it. When he did, she let out a squall and away she went, that big barrel bouncing behind her. (I wasn't there, but this is what I heard. This is the best proof for evolution I ever heard.) The next year the same man went back hunting again and he saw that same mountain lion, and she still had that hoghead on her tail, and by this time she had mountain lion kittens, and each one of them had a little keg on his tail! That is the best evidence I ever heard for evolution! (This is what I heard, and you can take it for what it is worth. No evolutionist has any evidence but guesses and hearsay.)

People who don't want to believe the Bible can believe that, if they won't listen to something sensible. Listen to this:

"And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind" (Gen. 1:25).

And God says that *ten times* in one chapter on creation! What do you think about that? "After his kind." Does that really happen — each one "after his kind?" Not identical but similar. That leaves room for variety but life never crosses over boundaries from kind or species to another, never has and never will. God made them that way. There has never been a single known instance where that law is broken.

You say the Bible is not scientific. Somebody says the Bible talks about the earth being flat. Have you heard some half-wit saying that science proved the earth was round but the Bible said it was flat? The truth is that long before science found that the earth was round the Bible said it. Isaiah 40:22 says, "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."

"He that sitteth on the circle, or roundness, of the earth." In the Dutch version it is "He that sitteth on the belly of the earth." While the ancient scientists thought that the earth was a big flat disk on the back of an elephant, the Bible says, "He hangeth the earth on nothing" (Job 26:7). In Luke the seventeenth chapter, Jesus is talking about His second coming as sudden lightning that flashes out of the east and shines unto the west and said the coming of Christ would be like that. And then He says, "Two men shall be in one bed at midnight, and one shall be taken and another left." So that proves the coming of Christ will be at night. And He said, "Two women will be grinding at the mill" — that is morning. "And two men will be in the field and one shall be taken and the other left" (Luke 17:34, 36). And that is mid-day. What does that mean? The Bible is saying in a flash of light-

ning Jesus will come and on one part of the earth it will be night and another morning, and at another noon. That is true about a round earth, but that couldn't be true of any kind but a round earth. The Bible told that when scientists knew nothing about it. Yes, the Bible proves itself as the inspired, miraculous Word of God.

Then in the second chapter of Daniel you get an outline of world history: Babylon, Media-Persia, Greece and Rome; and he started with the very first, and all is coming to pass. That great image had a head of gold, representing Babylon; breast and arms of silver, representing Media-Persia; belly and thighs of brass, representing Greece, and the legs of iron representing Rome, and Rome divided in the eastern and western kingdom, pictured by the two legs. This was foretold hundreds of years before most of it came to pass, and the ten toes representing ten kingdoms from the area of the Roman empire: Spain, France, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Egypt, Palestine, etc — all came to pass.

My! my! Isn't it strange the Bible hit it exactly? It proves man didn't write it but God wrote the Bible. The Bible is the infallible Word of God. It is full of proof that it is God's Word. So any man is a fool who is slow to believe the Bible. Jesus said so.

Anyone who wants to know the truth is bound to admit that the Bible is the infallible, divinely inspired Word of God.

The Bible told that Jesus would be born in Bethlehem (Micah 5:2). It foretold the very year He would come (Dan. 9:25—69 weeks of years, 483 years after the decree to rebuild Jerusalem). How did those wise men from the east know the Saviour was to be born? Because they had read in the book of Daniel (written in the east at Babylon) where it was coming to pass and they counted the years, and there were exactly sixty-nine weeks of years, 483 years, exactly as prophesied, and then He came.

It was foretold when Jesus would die, even to the very day He should die and the time of the day. Do you know that for fifteen hundred years the Jews were killing a certain lamb, a picture of Christ, and the day of the year and the hour that Jesus would die, and He died exactly on the dot.

It was foretold what He would say on the cross in the twenty-second Psalm. The very words those people down in front said to him were foretold. And it was foretold that they would pierce His hands and His feet (Zech. 12:10; Zech. 13:6; Psa. 22:16). His riding into Jerusalem on the colt, the foal of an ass was foretold (Zech. 9:9). Only a fool would say the Bible is not the Word of God.

So Jesus said, "O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

What is wrong is that modernists are slow of heart. It is not just their head. That is added, of course. There are special machines contrived to addle the brains of preachers, sometimes called seminaries, modernist seminaries, thank God, some are sound. The modernist's brain is a little addled, but that is not the trouble. The trouble is with his poor wicked rotten heart, his Christ-rejecting, self-loving, sin-embracing heart, and the heart is slow to believe the Bible. *It is the heart!* Anybody who does not believe the Bible, the real trouble is in his heart. If you had a good case of faith in Christ in your heart, and a new birth, it wouldn't be any trouble to believe the Bible. That is what all the modernists need. They need to be born again to be kept out of Hell. Then to be sure you would know what part of the Bible Jesus was talking about, Luke said, "And beginning at Moses (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy) and all the prophets he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself." The Bible is the Word of God and a man is a fool that denies or questions it, or putting it in the words that Jesus used, is slow to believe. A man is a fool in his heart who is slow to believe the Word of God.

III. The Sinning Fool

In Proverbs 14:9 is God's Word about the sinning fool.

"Fools make a mock at sin:

but among the righteous there is favour."

There is the fool that makes a joke out of sin. He thinks sin is a joke.

You think I preach too plain, perhaps. God hates sin. It was sin that took Jesus to the cross. It is sin that fills every hospital and every jail and causes every disease and disappointment and all the broken hearts. It is sin that is populating Hell. I have a good reason to hate it, and you ought to hate it. The Bible says the man that makes a joke of sin, that man is a fool.

I have heard preachers laugh and tell funny stories about what a man said when he was drunk. It is not funny to God, and anybody who thinks it is a big joke, God says, is a fool.

Some don't like it because I preach on Hell and judgment. They are no joke. And death is no joke, and you may die and meet God unprepared and that is no joke.

You have a little child and you tell him to do something, and he says, "Not do it!" You say, "Isn't that cute?" No, it is not cute. He is starting out to be this kind of a fool, and if you laugh at him, you are a fool, too. It is only a fool that makes a joke out of sin.

Some say, "Well, young people have to have a good time. They have to sow their wild oats." No, they don't have to sow their wild oats. But there is one thing they have to do: they have to reap them if they do sow them. That is what you have to do. And the man is a fool who thinks sin is a joke, and you are a fool if you think you can get by with sin and do not want to be warned about sin, do not want to repent of your sin, and you are irritated by my preaching on sin. If you think sin is a light matter, if you think sin is a joke, you are a fool and you haven't any sense. You are going to wake up butting your head against God's wall of judgment one of these days. You will go around a corner and suddenly meet God! One who thinks sin is a joke is a fool, God says.

IV. The Fool Who Neglects Salvation

I turn to another. I suppose there are not very many fools in this audience who say there is no God. I hope not. And there are not many, perhaps, who do not believe the truth of the Bible. If there are some, God says you are a fool. But that isn't the worst kind of a fool. Here is another, and this is the biggest fool in Dubuque. In Luke, chapter twelve, begin with verse 16. I will read to you:

"And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

"And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?"

"And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods."

See, this man is a smart guy. You know, I admire a man who works, in spite of the New Deal, I still believe a man ought to work for a living. I never did believe a man could drink his way to prosperity or spend his way to prosperity. If you waste your substance in riotous living, you will have a hogen experience coming, a period of famine and want like the prodigal son. I do not believe at all in the modern theory, the antithesis and opposite of all Americanism that was taught us, that these days we should throw money to the winds and spend the other fellow's money, seizing it by confiscatory taxes, and then spending borrowed money to be a burden on our grandchildren. I believe that is of the devil and is as sinful as it can be. I believe that anybody who starts out on his way of wasting his substance with wine, women and song is headed for the hogen and famine and a time with an awful broken heart, when he finds himself away from God. You may not like that, but sin works that way just the same with the New Deal and the government as it does with one man. I don't care what kind of a fool he is, it will always turn out the same way when a fool wastes his money.

I say, I admire this man for saving his goods. He was an honorable, hard-working man. Look at him. In the first place, he worked.

I know a lot of you raise Cain for a thirty-hour week. He didn't. He believed in working for a living, not that the government owed him a living.

I am reminded of that W. P. A. worker who complained because he didn't have a shovel.

"That's all right, you don't have to work much," the foreman told him.

"But these other guys have a shovel to lean on, and I haven't!"

I know you feel bad if you have to work more than thirty hours a week. But this man worked and earned his goods, and that is still God's way. "Six days shalt thou labour." This was a pretty bright guy. The government didn't pay this man not to farm and to kill off the pork and throw it in the Missouri River while the poor people in the cities go without food, or plow up cotton, and be paid not to farm. You people like for the government to feed you. Go ahead if you like, but that way of doing it is not the American way. That is not the way that brought prosperity and blessing, and I have no confidence in that way of bringing a blessing.

This man in the Bible put up his surplus in barns and kept it. But listen what happened to him, what the Lord said about him:

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

"So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

I tell you, my friend, you listen to me, that man was a fool for all he had laid by, for all his money that he made and saved and all that he worked hard for, he was a fool. Though he would have been the chairman of the board at the bank, though you would have wanted him on your board of elders in the church, despite the fact that he made money and saved it, this man was a fool because he neglected his soul. He said to himself:

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

He said, "You have got money laid up for a long time."

But God said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" "Tonight you will leave them, and you are a fool," God said. God said a man is a fool who isn't rich toward God.

You say, "I have a good job, Brother Rice. I am making good. I am not depending on the government, I am depending on God and my honest sweat to make a living, like the Bible said." God bless you, I am glad you do. But I don't care how smart you are, you are a fool if you spend any time making money when you are not saved. Tonight if you go home and lay your head on your pillow and go to sleep, if you do before getting right with God, you are a fool.

Tomorrow you will go down to work, it may be, and earn a day's pay and get along fine and bring the money back. If you do, you are a fool, if you do that before you get right with God. Maybe tomorrow morning you will sit down at the breakfast table and enjoy your bacon and eggs and grapefruit and toast and coffee. If you do that and you haven't sought Christ and found peace and forgiveness in your soul, you are a fool!

If there is anybody here tonight unsaved, who gets any more rest, eats any more meals, works any more at your job while you may die and go to Hell, you are a fool if you don't settle first things first. The only sensible thing for anybody who is about to go to Hell is certainly to be saved while you can.

The rich man said to himself, "Soul, you have plenty laid by, take thine ease," and while that man was a fool, so is every one that is not rich toward God. If you have your mind on your business and pleasure and caring for your family and what you eat and where you sleep. When you are lost, you are a fool. If you haven't a new heart, if you haven't had a transaction with God and by faith trusted Christ to save you and given Him your heart and He has forgiven you and made you a new creature in Christ, and tonight your sins are blotted out — if that hasn't happened to you, you are a fool to do anything else until that is settled. Hell is not filled with people who

say there is no God. By the time they get to the fire they already say, "Yes, there is a God." Oh, yes, but Hell is filled up with the kind who say, "I am going to be saved, I am going to get saved, but not now. I have plenty of time." That is the kind of folly that has filled Hell up. The biggest fool is the man who is not rich toward God and spends his time with other things instead of getting saved. Are you that kind of a fool? I hope you are not. Oh, it would be a horrible thing if on the road home tonight God says to you, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Wouldn't that be a horrible thing? If you are unsaved and you go home — you say, "Oh, but I am a church member" — maybe this man was, too, but that is not the point. He wasn't rich toward God. He had never been born again. Or you say, "I am a member of the Masonic lodge." This man might have been, too. The Bible doesn't say a word against his moral life. I tell you the truth, if you are not rich toward God and if you do not have peace with God and are not ready to die, if you do not have a new heart, God says you are a fool. You will be called out to meet God branded as a fool. You have got to meet God, and you had better turn and seek God while you can. I hope God will give you grace to see that one who is not rich toward God is guilty of folly, even if he is a church or lodge member. Whatever you are, if you don't know you are saved, you are a fool to waste your time until you get saved. Don't let it slip. I would not go to my job until I knew my soul was saved. I would settle that one thing tonight. I would make sure my soul was saved.

I was in Oklahoma City in a tent revival campaign when a girl from a fine family came down the aisle, and I heard her talking to herself as she sat down and put her face in her hands. She said, "Oh, what will my mother think? What will mother think? But what does it matter what mother thinks, just so my soul is saved! Just so I know I am saved, what does it matter what my crowd thinks. Never mind, Lord, just so I know I am saved." And she said, "What will my father think?" And the more she talked to the Lord about it, the louder she talked, and I just quit and let her talk.

"What will my father think? He had big plans for me, but, Lord, never mind what anybody thinks, just so my soul is saved."

I tell you, my friends, you are a fool if you don't make this thing settled before you waste any time. If I have gotten on your toes, may God give you grace to know that God has gotten on your toes, too, and that you must give account to Almighty God. You go on and make a living and lay up money and build yourself a nice home and fill your belly and clothe your back with the best in this land, nevertheless you know that God one day will point His finger in your face and the cold, clammy hand of death will close around your throat and the grim monster will blow his cold breath in your face and you will find you are going out to meet God, and God will call you a fool, because you wouldn't get ready when you had a chance. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then whose shall all those things be which thou hast provided?"

To any dear sinner who reads this sermon: God used this message to win souls. I pray He has convicted you of your sins and led you to see you need a Saviour. If you will trust Christ today with all your heart, sign the slip below and clip it out and mail to me, that I may rejoice with you.

Evangelist John R. Rice
512 West Franklin Street
Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Brother Rice:

I have read your sermon on *Four Fools*. I believe there is a God, I believe the Bible is true, I know sin is no joke, and I must not be fool enough to neglect my salvation and go to Hell. So here and now with all my heart, I turn from sin, I trust Christ as my Saviour, and give Him my heart. By His help I will confess Him before men and live for Him.

(Signed) _____

(Address) _____

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